

Minotaurus

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Summary

Will had been stupid, so, so stupid and gullible, to think that someone like Hannibal Lecter would actually want to go out with him, and meet with him in the middle of the town's corn maze of their incredibly lame harvest festival, of all places.

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A Horny Hannigram Autumn Adventures 2023 bingo prompt fill for 'corn maze'.

Will turned around as he heard rustling behind him in the darkness, his heart thumping heavily in his chest, his body getting ready to run, pumping more adrenaline through his veins.

“Hello...?”

Will waited, either side of his path framed by the tall corn stalks of the field all around him, with nothing to illuminate the ways in and out of the maze but the bright, full moon above him.

He dared not to breathe, just listening to the sounds all around him, yet the rustling he had heard earlier would not repeat itself.

Will swore quietly under his breath, making his way through the maze as quickly and quietly as he could, looking around for any other presence but his own.

“Hannibal...?”

Will called out quietly, trying to look for the other boy, yet his hopeful confidence shrivelled with every minute that went by.

The deeper he got into the maze, both breaking his curfew and trespassing at the field, the more he felt his heart sink.

He had been stupid, so, so stupid and gullible, to think that someone like Hannibal Lecter would actually want to go out with him, and meet with him in the middle of the town’s corn maze of their incredibly lame harvest festival, of all places.

Of course he wouldn’t be here.

Of course luring Will out here in the middle of the night was nothing but a ruse, a cruel joke that he would have a good laugh at the next day with his ridiculously beautiful, posh friends at school, subsequently letting all of their fellow seniors know what an idiot Will Graham was.

Will felt like kicking himself, his quick steps slowed to a disappointed dragging of feet, yet it was a sudden, loud rustling sound nearby that ripped him out of his sulking.

“Hannibal...?” Will asked quietly, trying to make out any shapes in the darkness of the fields, yet he felt his gut twist at the steps nearby getting louder, ominous and predatory in their manner.

With deep, shaky breaths Will finally got moving again, moving away from the noise, away from the creature or person approaching him, the speed of his steps increasing to a run as he heard the presence following close on his heels, hidden in the field just feet away from Will.

Will’s panicked escape came to an abrupt halt, colliding with yet another person, nearly throwing them both to the ground as he suddenly found himself in the arms of Hannibal

Lecter.

“Hannibal-...”

Hannibal laughed softly as he looked at Will, taking in the wild, panicked expression in his eyes, his flushed cheeks, the way his heartbeat was even visible as Hannibal focused on his chest, thumping, subtly moving the layers of his henley and flannel shirt.

He could smell the fear on Will, the most primal, desperate terror clinging to his skin at that moment. It was the most magnificent scent Hannibal had ever perceived, and well worth his little charade, putting the fear of God in the other boy.

“Th-There’s someone here, we need to go-...!”

Hannibal smiled softly, shaking his head slightly, not resisting the urge to run his hand through Will’s messy, soft curls.

“Probably just some animals. No need to worry, Will. Come on, I know a place for us to hide from the farmer...”

Not awaiting any protest, Hannibal took Will’s hand, leading him away from the path and into the field, all the way to a spot where he had carved out just enough space to put down a picnic blanket for them.

Will felt speechless, the intensity of his feelings nearly giving him whiplash as Hannibal sank down onto the blanket, pulling Will with him, keeping him closer than Will would have ever dared to dream.

Tension, then relief.

The sudden switch would make it so much easier for Will to confide in him. To trust him.

Just like Hannibal had planned.

“I, uh... For a hot second there I really thought you had sent me on a wild goose chase out here...”

Hannibal smiled mildly, noticing how difficult it was for Will to not break eye contact with him, feeling nervous and excited in his presence.

“And why would I do such a thing?”

Will chuckled softly, blushing even more.

“I don’t know... because you’re too good for me...?”

“Says who?”

Will fell silent, nervously fumbling for the flask full of whiskey he had stolen from his father’s stash, taking a sip and grimacing at the sharp sting of alcohol on his tongue before he

offered it to Hannibal.

“Me...”

Hannibal took a swig as well before handing the flask back to Will, who now smiled nervously with the warmth in his gut and the sensation of Hannibal’s hand coming to linger on his own.

“Then I guess I’ll just have to disagree with that...”

For a third time that night Will found his heart beating faster, yet it was finally for all the right reasons as Hannibal closed the distance between them, pressing his lips to Will’s, finally making his dream of sharing his first kiss with him come true.

It wasn’t long before Will forgot about the dark and eerily quiet world all around them, the chill of the autumn air replaced by the warmth of alcohol and Hannibal’s body close to his own, tasting the whiskey on his tongue, remaining blissfully unaware of the danger sitting right beneath the skin of the older boy in his arms.

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